

FINES
COMICS

Dennis The MENACE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

No. 30

10c



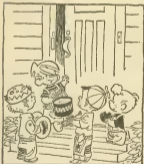
Dennis THE MENACE



"WHAT'S A DATE, MOM? I GOT ONE WITH MARGARET THIS AFTERNOON."



"WASH YOUR READS FIRST! THE LITTLE BEAR SAYS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO WASH IT IN A REAL HIGH, SOBBY-WAY VOICE!"



"COME ON IN, MY FOLKS! JOIN MY MUSIC!"



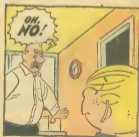
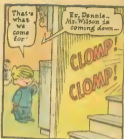
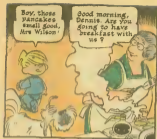
"DO YOU WANT TO SHOW HER MY ROOM WHILE I'M COUNTIN' MY MONEY?"

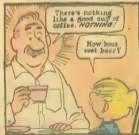
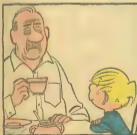
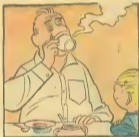
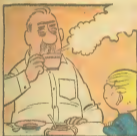
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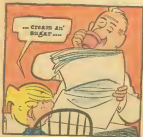
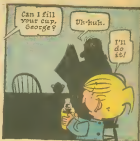
BREAKFAST BREAKFAST



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE.
IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.

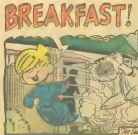
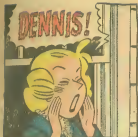












HOCUS FOCUS

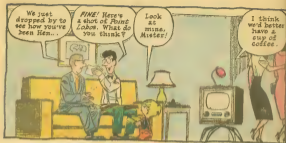


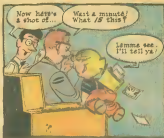
Look, I'm picture editor of *PICTURE* Magazine. I'm hopping all over the country for pictures, and I'm on a *VERY* tight schedule. Can't you get us on another plane?

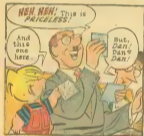
Sorry, sir, we're booked solid.



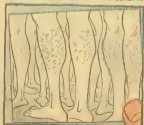








... AN HERE'S ONE I TOOK AT THE BEACH...



... AN THIS IS MY TOOTHBRUSH!





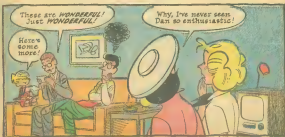
THIS IS OUR COOKIE JAR...

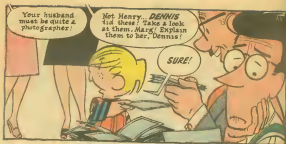


... THIS IS MY DAD... FROM MY WINDY...



... Ah! HERE'S MR. WILSON, NEXT DOOR.





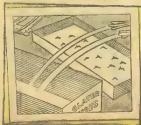
THIS IS MOM, RESTIN'...

... AN' THIS IS MY ROOM...



... HERE'S MY PET FROG...

... AN' THIS IS MAE!





END

TINY TERROR

"COMMON OUT, BILLY! We're getting up a ball game!"

Billy Matthews, white and shaken, stood in his front doorway, hanging onto the doorknob for dear life.

"I... I can't follow," he told his friends on the porch. "I don't feel so good."

"Hey, you sure don't look good!" one of the boys roared. "Hope you get better soon. Let's go, guys!"

They clattered down the steps and Billy went in, closing the door behind him. He felt sicker than he ever had in all his ten years... sick made... sick with fear. If only his Dad weren't away on a business trip! But then, even he...

In the living room, Billy's mother was staring in horrified fascination at the cause of their terror.

The man was dressed all in black... a sharply pointed black suit, black homburg hat, shiny black shoes. As he sat in Billy's father's chair, his feet dangled a foot above the floor. Because... he was shorter than Billy! But as he eyed Billy and his mother, his small face was grim and deadly, his dark-gray eyes cold as ice.

When he had knocked at the front door, a few minutes ago, Billy had thought he was one of the kids in the neighborhood, dressed up, trying to fool him. Then he saw he was a man... a man shorter than he was, but with a cold command about him that more than made up for his lack of size. His high, thin voice cut like a razor: "Silence! Inside!"

And here he was, a midget, dominating the room with ruthless power.

He glanced at the watch on his wrist and snapped at Billy's mother: "Turn on the radio... get the news!"

Billy wince as he saw his mother silently obey, but he knew how she felt. The tiny man

should be laughable, but just because he was so small, his viciousness was even more terrifying. After all, the deadliest poisons come in small bottles.

The radio came on: "... roadblocks are being set up at all exits to the city. So far, the police have no clue as to the identity or even the description of the bandit or bandits. No one saw them enter or leave the building, nor is it known how they entered. However, all efforts are being made..."

"Off!" the little man ordered, and Billy's mother obediently clicked off the radio. The man sat back and lighted a thin black cigar. "Fook!" he chuckled. "They have not found the grocer on the ventilator shaft, then?"

"The... the ventilator shaft?" Billy asked.

"Of course," the midget smiled, showing tiny rat's teeth. "It was almost too small even for me... Von Hofbau... but in just shorts, with my body graced, I was able to get down the shaft and into the office, and send the payroll up to my friends on a rope. We are in the clear!"

"Then... then you'll leave us?" Billy's mother asked hopefully.

"Not until, as you say, the heat is off. For two or three days, I will be your guest. Do not try to leave the house, either of you, or it will go hard with the one who repays. And if you both try to leave... how do you know that my friends are not nearby, in other houses, watching?"

Billy shivered. And then Von Hofbau snapped: "Get me a knife from the kitchen, boy! A sharp one!"

"A... a knife?" Billy stammered.

"Yes, a knife!" the midget screamed. "Are you deaf? Or stupid? March!"

And Billy did so. If the midget were a grown man, he thought, all this would be scary, all right, but not so terrifying as the horrible fascination this little man made him feel. He came back with a glimmering carving knife, and Von Hofbau ordered: "The phone wire... cut it!"

As Billy moved away at the wire, the midget said: "You see that I am accustomed to being obeyed by servants. And now, Madame, dinner!"

In the kitchen, while Billy helped his mother peel potatoes, he whispered:—"Gosh, Mom, what are we gonna do?"

"I don't know what we can do," she said anxiously. "He seems to have thought of everything. If only he weren't so little, I don't think I'd be so afraid!"

"Yeah," Billy said. "He's like a... a rattlesnake! And I'm bigger than he is!"

"Yes," his mother said absently. "You've



almost outgrown all your clothes this summer. Oh, if we could only telephone . . . let someone know!"

At dinner, seated on cushions to raise him, the little man acted like a king. And he had been the guest of kings, he said, in his travels all over the world. In spite of himself Billy found himself listening, fascinated, as Von Hoffman spoke of the famous people he had met. It seemed that he was not a side-show freak in a show, but a producer of shows and spectacles in many foreign countries. "In one of which," he added meaningfully, "I will be living after I am here. You may tell your stupid police that this I am going!"

Sometime, the thought of him receding so easily made Billy mad. "You think you're so smart?" he blurted. "Why don't you grow up, you . . . you . . ."

And the midget swept his plate to the floor with a crash! "Don't ever say that!" he screamed. "That is one thing that must never happen to me . . . never!" As Billy and his mother stared, Von Hoffman wiped his forehead with a trembling hand, unmoved for the first time they had seen him. He caught their look, and tried to smile.

"You see, in my profession, my size is an asset. I am able to command my performers, my technicians, just as I command you, because I am small. And so if I could ever start to grow . . . well . . ."

"But could you?" Billy asked wonderingly. "It has been known to happen. The pituitary gland, bearing active, can cause this. However . . ." And again he was his domineering self as he ordered: "Enough of this! Show me to my room!"

Upstairs, he snapped: "You will press my clothes each night, Madame! Hot water at seven. I have here, not in the bathroom. And breakfast at seven-thirty. Understood? Dismissed!"

That night, as Billy watched his mother press the tiny suit of clothes, he tried desperately to think of something . . . anything . . . he could do about the diabolical little man upstairs. Suddenly, it came to him! "Mom!" he cried. Then, fearful of being overheard, he whispered in her ear:

Her eyes widened. "But if he finds out . . .!"

"We gotta, Mom! It's the only way!"

The next morning, Billy carried a basin of hot water together with the midget's suit, into the guest room. Von Hoffman, at his child-size underwood, was standing on a chair in front of the dresser, looking at himself in the mirror hanging on the wall. "Put the water here . . . the suit on the bed," he ordered. "Then tell your mother I wish my eggs soft boiled, the coffee very strong!"

When Von Hoffman came down, Billy and his mother, seated at the table, saw that his face was white and drawn. "Didn't you sleep well?" Billy's mother asked.

"Silence!" the midget snapped. "Eat!" But he, himself, just played with his food, and soon left to turn on the radio. There was no news on the robbery, but for the first time Billy saw hope in his mother's eyes.

"I'm going up to work some more on my



wagon," he said loudly, and in a few minutes, Von Hoffman was frowning at the noise of sawing and hammering from upstairs.

All that day, and at dinner, the midget spoke hardly a word, and seemed strangely anxious and tense.

The next day, there was still no change in the radio news, but a great change in the midget. He was nervous, pacing up and down the living room, rubbing his hands, wiping his forehead.

And the following morning, he broke. He came downstairs, his face contorted in anguish, screaming, "This can't happen! Not to me . . . Von Hoffman!" He threw himself face down in a chair, sobbing, beating the pillows with his tiny fists. The little man who had held them in terror had stiffened, and become like a frightened child!

"Mom!" Billy whispered. "Let's go!" And together, unheeded by the weeping little man, they ran out into the street.

A car pulled up in front of them, and for a glancing moment Billy thought it was the midget's friends. But a neighbor woman leaped out of it and called: "Why, Mrs. Matthews — and Billy! Where have you been keeping yourselves?"

"Never mind that?" Billy cried. "Take us to the police station!"

The sergeant at the station listened skeptically at first, then in amazement, and finally barked orders into a microphone.

"I caught a radio car just turning into your street," he told them. "We've got him! And if he's in such bad shape, we'll have no trouble getting him to talk. But . . . a midget!"

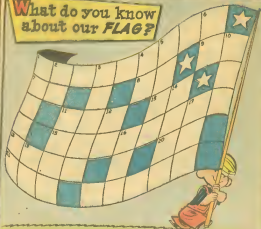
"He's built," Mrs. Matthews said, "but he's the most frightening person I ever saw. Or he was . . . until Billy thought of the way to break him down."

"It worked just because you sew so good, Mom. I'll bet he looked at his clothes pretty carefully, to see if they were shrinking. And he never saw where you short-circuited the pants and sleeves on such each day."

"Well, you were mighty handy, too," she retorted him. "He didn't notice that you sewed the legs on his dresser an inch shorter every day, and lowered the mirror behind it."

"I guess it would give anybody the creeps, to think he's growing an inch a day," the police sergeant said. "And especially a midget. But I think he'll find that his presser clothes will fit him for a long time to come!"

What do you know
about our **FLAG**?



Down

1. Star Spangled.....
2. Each (abbr.)
3. "Our flag was..... Here!"
4. Rhode Island (abbr.)
5. Egg-shaped
6. Thus
10. He wrote "Star Spangled Banner."
11. Nail and.....
12. Maryland (abbr.)
14. Opposite of sweet
16. Obtain
17. Rights (abbr.)
19. Maine (abbr.)

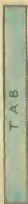
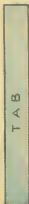
Across

1. She made our first flag (first and last name)
7. Anti-Aircraft (abbr.)
8. Roman numeral for "four"
9. All right (slang)
11. Vigor
13. Fit-- a fiddle
15. Nickname for our flag (two words)
18. Man's name
20. University of Texas (abbr.)
21. Color of some stripes in flag
22. "Whose broad stripes and bright....."



MAKE DENNIS WALK!!!

CUT OUT THIS DRAWING... INCLUDING THE TABS. BEND THE TABS BACK TO FORM A HOLLOW TUBE BEHIND EACH LEG. STICK THE ENDS OF EACH TAB TO THE INSIDE OF DENNIS' LEG WITH SCOTCH TAPE. MAKE SURE THE TUBES YOU MAKE THIS WAY WILL NOT BE TOO BIG FOR YOUR FINGERS. THEN STICK YOUR FIRST AND SECOND FINGERS IN THE TUBES, AND MAKE DENNIS WALK! *HAVE FUN!*



CUT BY DOTTED LINE

punky



You stay in the yard, Punky, and watch for the furniture men to bring our new chair.

Xbft!



This the place, Eddie?

Yeah. Hi, Kid!

Rschbpl!



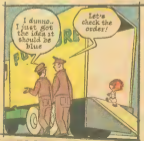
Say, this is a **GREEN** chair! I thought the order said a **BLUE** one!

HUH?



I dunno.. I just got the idea at should be blue

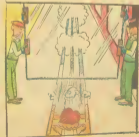
Let's check the order!

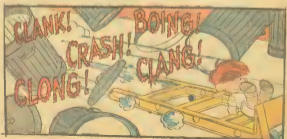
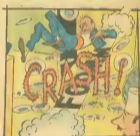


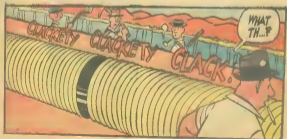
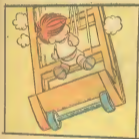
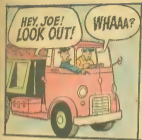
You're right they ordered blue

I thought so! Well, back to the store!



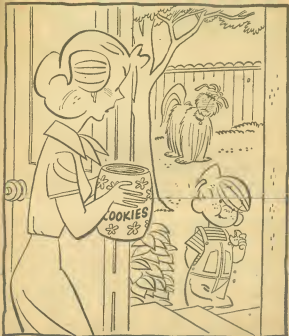








Colorin' Time!

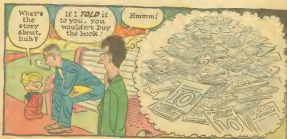


"DID YOU NOTICE THAT I SAVED ONE FOR YOU AND ONE FOR DAD?"

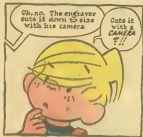
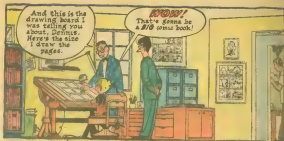
THE INSIDE STORY

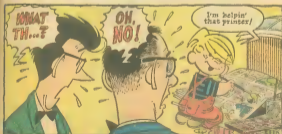


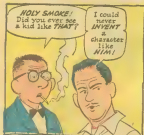




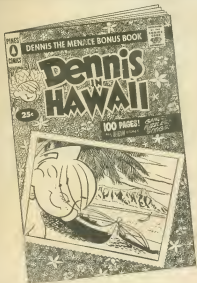








NOW ON SALE!



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- Climbs a Mountain of Sugar.
- Rides a Catamaran.

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DENNIS

The

MENACE

"THE RUNAWAY"

